

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXV.—NO. 39.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 29, 1892.

PRICE, 3 CENTS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Perfect clothing at manufacturer's prices

There's extravagance in spending money with anybody but the manufacturers—in Clothing, the worst extravagance of all. Direct dealing is the only road to economy—the only road, as truly, to good clothing. Inferior quality, inferior manufacture—these are the only ways to cheapen clothing—and who suffers? Isn't it you? All the time? In all ways? In planning for the greater business of this Fall, we want to make this clear to every wearer of clothing: our stock is home-made—and the best-made. All Wool Suits you can get for \$10, \$12, \$14, \$16, \$18, \$20, \$22, \$24, \$26, \$28, \$30, \$32, \$34, \$36, \$38, \$40, \$42, \$44, \$46, \$48, \$50, \$52, \$54, \$56, \$58, \$60, \$62, \$64, \$66, \$68, \$70, \$72, \$74, \$76, \$78, \$80, \$82, \$84, \$86, \$88, \$90, \$92, \$94, \$96, \$98, \$100. Dress Suits, the same. Fall Overcoats, handsome as flowers. Best of cloth, best of trimmings, best of fashioning and fitting, made by the best of work-people to sell to the best of people. Our hearts are in the winning this season of a more generous business than we ever had.

The prices are down now to bed-rock.

Wanamaker & Brown

SIXTH and MARKET PHILADELPHIA

We pay railroad excursion fare from Middletown if you purchase \$20 worth.

GREAT REDUCTIONS.

The Entire Stock of W. H. Moore & Co.

MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE IN ORDER TO SETTLE THE BUSINESS OF THE FIRM, THEREFORE THERE WILL BE A GREAT SACRIFICE OF THE GOODS.

W. H. MOORE AND CO.

NOW OPEN! NEW STORE UNDER TOWN HALL

The Bargain Store of Middletown.

We place before customers daily Bargains in every line we offer. No Bais. Every article a Guaranteed Bargain. Don't these prices please you:

PINS, full count, per paper, 1c. Best Needles, per paper, 1c. Spool Silk, 3c. Darning Needles, 5 for 1c. Carpet tacks, dozen papers, 9c. 25 Good Envelopes, 3c. 144 sheets Note Paper, 8c. Fools Cap, 2 sheets, 1c. 6 Slate Pencils 1c. or 12c. per 100. 3 Good Lead 1c. Shoe Strings, per dozen, 2c. School Slates, 2 to 1c. Lamp Wick, 5 for 1c. Best Pens, 3 for 1c. Shoe Buttons, per dozen, 1c. Bone Collar Buttons, per dozen, 4c. Safety Pins, large, per dozen, 2c. 2500 yards of Lace, 1c. and up. 20,000 yards Ribbon per yard, 2 to 10c. 100 Dozen Men and Boy's Suspenders per pair, 5c. to 30c. 50 dozen Ladies Corsets, 23c. to 40c. 90 dozen Children's Black Hose large size, 7c. Men's Heavy Hose, 5c. Girls' Fine Hose, 7c. to 10c. Extra Good Spool Cotton, 2c. Stewart's Best Thread, 3c. Hair Pins, per pound, 12c. P. N. Corset Steels, 5c. Men's Linen Collars, 5c. to 10c. 25 Dozen Boy's Shirts, 10c. to 32c. 75 Dozen Men's Shirts, 10c. to 30c. Childs Undershirts and Pants, 10c. Men's Pants, 7c. to \$2.92. Boys' Suits, Jackets and Knee Pants, 12c. 175 dozen pair of Men's and Boys' Overalls, 500 yards Shelf Oil Cloth, 3c. to 7c. per yard. Big Stock Glassware of all kind. Shemakers' Findings, 1/2 doz, 10c. All Kinds of Brushes—White Wash Paint and Scrub, cheaper than the cheapest. Tinware—4 qt. coffee pot, 17c.; 3 qt. 13c.; 2 qt. 10c. 1 qt. 8c. Hardware—Rivets and Burs, 13c.; cut Nails 2 1/2c. per pound. Hinges, 2, 3 and 4c. per pair. Pad Locks 5 to 10c. Auger Bits, 1/2 inch, 5c.; 5/16 inch, 7c.; 1/4 inch, 8c.; 3/8 inch, 10c. Door Locks, 18 to 22c. Bolts, 1/2 inch, 7c. per dozen. Hog Rings, 100 in box, 10c. Mann's Axes, 50c. Tack Hammers, 3 to 5c. Hatchets, 8 to 30c. Monkey Wrenches, 8 to 30c. Saw Handles, 8c. Spring Balances, 24 lbs. 8c. Horse Clippers, \$1.15. Garden Rakes, 10 teeth, 10c.

—ONE PRICE TO ALL—

In case any purchase made from us does not prove perfectly satisfactory bring it back and your money will be refunded.

MESSICK'S

CHEAP CASH STORE.

GOLDEY WILMINGTON COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

AND SCHOOL OF
SHORT-HAND AND TYPE-WRITING, WILMINGTON, DEL.

INSTITUTE BUILDING, 8TH and MARKET STREETS.
Courses of study that will at once give young people a means of livelihood. All competent graduates secure positions. Last year 320 students (93 ladies) from 33 places and 7 States attended this College. 25 graduates. Individual instruction; therefore new students enter at any time. College reopens September 1st. Night sessions, Oct. 3d. A magnificent, full descriptive catalogue, with photo-engravings, mailed free. Write for it. Reference: any prominent citizen of Wilmington. H. S. GOLDEY, President.

ROCKING THE BABY.

I hear her rocking the baby—
Her room is next to mine—
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms,
That round her neck entwined,
As she rocks and rocks the baby,
In the room just next to mine.
I hear her rocking the baby,
Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there's a world of blessing
And love
In the "baby-by" she hums.
I can see the restless fingers
Playing with "mama's rings."
The sweet little smiling, pointing mouth,
That to hers in kisses clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
And dreams as she rocks and sings.
I hear her rocking the baby,
Slower and slower now,
And I hear she is leaving her good-night
kiss,
On its eyes and cheek and brow.
From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
I wonder would she start,
Could she know through the walls be-
tween us,
She is rocking on a heart?
While my empty arms are aching,
For a form they may not press,
And my empty heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness.
I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a prayer in silence
At a father's broken shrine,
For the woman who rocks the baby,
In the room just next to mine.

MISS ALVIRA'S JUDGMENT.

LOUISE THURSH.

It was a hot July day in the picturesque village of Petersham, 65 years ago, that the "Greatest living combination of wild animals" found its way into the quiet streets. The little town had been for a week or more torn from center to circumference by the prospect. The young portion were wild with excitement, while their elders shook their heads and regarded it as a vigorous onslaught of the Evil One himself, and were prepared to make a determined resistance. It was all very well and instructive for them to have a sight of the foreign animals, for the majority of the towns-people scarcely knew the difference between a monkey and a lion, had not a band of strolling players joined themselves to the instructive party, thereby rendering the whole combination something dangerous and to be avoided.

The crowd of small boys which had gathered to see the huge wau came into the village, were still lingering at the corner, when an elderly spinster, the village tailor's, made her way cautiously along the principal street.

It was long before the days of show-bills, but large printed cards had been placed outside the tavern announcing the show. Also a crude drawing of a female figure in the shortest of skirts, dancing a tight-rope.

As Miss Alvira Griggs passed the offending picture, she pulled her ample calash before her eyes, lest the sight should prove too much for her maiden blushes.

She was dressed in a large-figured mousseline de laine, the skirt of ample breadth. The long-pointed waist made her already attenuated form take alarming proportions. The sleeves were of the style known as leg-of-mutton, while short black mitts covered her hands, leaving uncovered the fingers. In one hand she carried a green cotton umbrella, and with the other held the string of her calash, ready at any moment to shield her eyes, lest through them she might commit an unpardonable offense.

As she tip-toed gingerly along, glancing this way and that, her eye caught sight of the open windows of a large frame house opposite—a gleam of curiosity shot into them.

"There's Miss Whipple's best room windows open, she must be going to her company," she said to herself. "I'll just step over and see. My beau' out of town for a week, I her kind o' lost track o' things," and lowering her umbrella, she stepped inside the white gate and looked cautiously in at the windows.

Seeing no one, she went quickly around to the back of the house, and stepping across the long, low kitchen, came upon Mrs. Whipple and her two daughters busy at their sewing in the cool living-room.

"Howdy do! Miss Whipple," she said, without the ceremony of knocking.

Mrs. Whipple looked up. "Is that you, Alvira? I thought you was to Widow Beckett's this week. Come in and sit down," and she swept her carpet-rags off a chair to make room for her.

front windows and let the sun in. Mildew's bad for muslin curtains," with an air of superiority.

"Lor, yes," said Miss Griggs; "twas your muslin curtains I see when I turned the corner,—you hain't hed 'em long, hev you?" "Jest a fortnight," said Eliza.

"I thought so," said Miss Griggs, "or I'd hev seen 'em. I suppose," continued, too full of her subject to keep still any longer, "you've heard of the show that's come to town."

Susan looked up quickly. "I hev," she said. "The play cards hev been up for a week."

"Why didn't I know?" asked Miss Alvira sharply. "There I wuz a-settin' in the wagon as unconscious as the unborn babe, when 'het sinful plecter flashed upon me."

"Plecter?" inquired Mrs. Whipple. "Yes, plecter, of a female woman with clothe no longer than the on," pointing to her own sharply defined knee that even her voluminous draperies could not conceal.

Eliza and Susan dropped their work to listen.

"I kin feel the shock to my dyin' day," went on Miss Alvira, enjoying the sensation she had produced. "And there before that plecter wuz half the men and boys in Petersham. I met Deacon Alloway, and sex I to him: 'Deacon, is this to be allowed right here in Petersham? Ef it is, what kin we expect?' 'A judgment, Alvira,' sez he, 'a judgment; it's the edge of the devil's wedge, Alvira—the same wedge he used in Sodom and Gomorrah. You kin look for a judgment, or may be the hull town'll be given up to him. I hear there's been all sort of mysterious goin' on up to Podunk arter the show wuz there.' 'Them wuz his very words,' and Miss Alvira dropped back her calash and fanned herself with her black silk apron.

There was a troubled expression on Mrs. Whipple's gentle face.

"There's none of us been near the placards," she said, "the judgment don't belong to us by rights."

Alvira noted the glance that passed between the girls.

"Them gals have seen it," she said to herself, then aloud:—

"No, Miss Whipple, by rights it don't, but it'll most likely fall on the innocent, but," she continued, "we know in our own hearts who's looked at that pictur wilful. The devil knows his own," glancing at the girls.

A slight noise in the best room had attracted Mrs. Whipple's attention and hearing it again, she put down her work and went softly to the door.

"Ah! that best room, who can describe its preciousness and sanctity to its owner's heart? Never opened except on rare occasions, guarded from dust and moths with jealous care; entered only by a favored few, and those favored ones were glad to escape from its tomb-like chill to the cozy warmth of the kitchen; an object of torture, but at the same time one of pride to every member of the family. The stiff horse hair covered chairs and sofa, the vulgar red-and-green carpet, the high mantel with its ornaments of birch-bark and brass candlesticks on the ends, and in the middle a picture of a widow, supposed to be Mrs. Whipple, weeping at her husband's grave, all made from hair. All these were dear to Mrs. Whipple and her daughters' hearts, but the supreme object of veneration, almost of worship, was the large family Bible, given to Mrs. Whipple at her marriage. It stood on a small covered stand underneath the mantel shelf. In course of time it had become a receptacle for all the family treasures, and between the leaves reposed the one love-letter written by Mr. Whipple to his wife, the records of all the family births and deaths, with here and there a marriage, remarkable book-marks, besides many other mementoes.

As Mrs. Whipple pushed the door open a curious sight met her eyes. There, swinging back and forth on her muslin curtains, was a creature whose like she had never seen before. Something fearfully resembling a human being—yet it could not be entertained for an instant. But there it hung, waving its long tail this way and that, and chattering fiercely at her.

The faint cry she uttered, brought Miss Alvira to her side in a moment. She in turn gave a piercing shriek that caused the girls to drop their work and hasten to the spot.

"The judgment is upon us!" shrieked Miss Alvira, "it's the devil him self!"

Mrs. Whipple turned pale; it was the thought she had not dared to utter. Eliza and Susan felt that retribution had overtaken them, but they would not give up without some show of resistance.

"How can it be?" Susan exclaimed. "It's too small!" "Is he any smaller than when he

was a serpent?" asked Miss Alvira indignantly.

Susan was silenced.

The creature's long claws had made tiny rents in the curtain, and what Mrs. Whipple most feared, now happened—the rents grew larger and larger.

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, she must make one effort to secure her curtain.

"Shoo," she cried faintly, shaking her apron as though it were a refractory hen she were speaking to.

"Shoo! Shoo!" echoed the girls, shaking their aprons.

Their unwelcome guest left the curtain in tatters and leaped to the mantel-piece,—There he deliberately broke the birch-bark ornaments in pieces and threw them one by one on the floor.

At every piece a faint "oh! my" from the four women.

Mrs. Whipple felt that something must be done to check his Satanic Majesty, but fear held her mouth closed.

"We order be on our knees," she whispered to Miss Alvira, "but I can't take my eyes off the critter."

"Nuther kin I," whispered back Miss Alvira, "we may be turned into pillows of salt any minute."

The creature having cleared the mantel-piece, swung himself lightly on the big Bible.

"For the land's sakes!" cried Miss Alvira, "will he trample on the Holy Scriptures?"

It seemed he would, for opening the covers he tore out leaf after leaf, chattering all the time diabolically. At the sound of the tearing of the first page the spectators gave a cry of horror! If there had been any doubts as to the personality of their visitor they vanished in a moment.

"My poor husband's letter!" moaned Mrs. Whipple, as bits of it went flying over the room. And burying her face in her apron she sobbed aloud.

"There goes your book-mark, Eliza," sobbed Susan.

"It's a judgment upon you!" cried Miss Alvira, looking from one to the other.

"We only took one little look," confessed Eliza.

"It makes no difference," said Miss Alvira, exultantly, "the judgment has come."

And, sure enough, it seemed so, for the creature, growing more and more excited at the cries of the women, tore out the leaves, and whatever lay between them, faster and faster.

"Susan! Eliza!" sobbed their mother, "what have you brought upon us?"

Again and again their cries of terror and sorrow rang out on the summer air.

The noise attracted the attention of a man passing by, and coming to the window he thrust in his head.

He stared at the group of weeping women in amazement, then seeing the monkey surrounded by the ruin he had wrought he exclaimed:—

"The devil, there he is now!" "I told you so!" cried Miss Alvira triumphantly. "I knew it the moment I see him!"

The man gave a rough laugh and leaping through the window he seized the monkey by the tail.

"Take care! take care!" screamed Miss Alvira. "You're taking your life in your hands!"

By this time the man had the monkey safe under his arm and was turning to leave. "If ever I see such a blamed lot of idiots!" he said, stopping to look at the women sobbing hysterically.

Mrs. Whipple seeing with great astonishment, that the man was still unharmed, ventured to call his attention to the destruction of all around there.

STATE BANKS.

JAMES A. B. DILWORTH.

President Harrison in his letter of acceptance, and Mr. Blaine in his apology to the people, both saw fit to speak with considerable emphasis of the free banking plank in the Democratic party. That objection to free banking, or to a restriction of the monopoly of the national bank, seems to rest solely upon the theory that the money issued by free banks will prove to be inconvenient money to travel with. The fact is, that the great majority of the American people do not travel far enough from their own home to carry a bank bill beyond its range of face value, if it is worth its face value at home, if they lived in the immediate vicinity of the bank, and the bank bills were not at par, it would be because the managers of the bank had not inspired the people living within the vicinity of the bank, who knew them well, with sufficient confidence to be implicitly trusted. Such banks could not circulate their bills, because the people would not have them.

If the State bank, or the free bank would stimulate business in its immediate neighborhood, the amount of the benefit derived from that stimulation, would unquestionably be infinitely more profitable, than would be the loss from the inconvenience arising from the State bank notes, as a convenience with which to travel. More than twenty years ago, when writing upon this same subject for a morning daily of New York City, I said: "Is it not well that our people should examine more closely the cause which produced the rapid development of our wealth as a country before the commencement of the War, and compare that cause with the present ruinous management of the finances and affairs of the government?" After reviewing the history of the past twenty years, or the period since I penned that inquiry, I am fully prepared to indorse the assertion it contains, and ask the question anew.

It is not necessary to enter into any argument to prove the necessity for the use of paper money. Business could be conducted to an extent yet unheard of, or managed without a single coin, or without a currency based upon the value of coin. After all, coin values fluctuate, and the cause of that fluctuation is the supply and demand of the precious metals.

A secretary of the Treasury of the United States, shortly after the discovery of the immense gold fields of California, in a serious paper addressed to the President of the United States, expressed alarm because of a calamity that was likely to fall upon the country from the cheap gold from the new mines, driving silver out of the country.

Less than a quarter of a century later, another secretary of the Treasury addressed a similar communication to the President, in which he deplores the calamity that is likely to fall upon the country from cheap silver, depleting the country of gold. The fact is, that neither gold nor silver is essential to the successful conduct of the business of the country.

Business is conducted now, not by man's faith in the value of a coin, but by man's faith in his fellow man. A business man of to-day trusts his fellow man, not because that man has gold, but because he has business and personal integrity. Man's faith in his fellow man is the foundation upon which business rests to-day, and checks, bank notes, and promises to pay, are all essentially necessary to make the wheels of business run smoothly.

The country bank under the present system, does not afford to the farmer any accommodation whatever, except when money is cheap. In straightened financial times, when the farmer needs financial bridging over as well as the merchant, he can get but very little assistance from the bank, and the reason of it is very clear. The circulating medium is gathered to the money centres as soon as there becomes any stringency in the money market, and however firm the bank officers' faith may be in the business tact and personal integrity of the country farmer, or the country merchant, it is not within their power to loan him money, because the demand for it from the money centres has exhausted the supply of bank bills from their bank to the lowest point which it is possible for the banks to reach and live.

"I have heard the argument adduced that we would keep the money at home if state banks were instituted. But we should keep it at home because it would be worthless, that nobody would take it abroad," writes Mr. Blaine in his recent letter to the public. His language is "catch penny," but illogical; the very money of which he speaks in praise—the National bank issue—is of a character that nobody "would take it abroad."

The bank notes of England are perfectly good in almost any part of the world where banks exist, but very few Americans have seen such notes in the United States, and never in circulation, for no Englishman brings his bank of England notes to this country when he comes here to make a visit. If there is any reason in Mr. Blaine's description of state bank notes; if his objection is true and logical, then the notes of the Bank of England are too worthless to be taken abroad. But even Mr. Blaine would not have the assurance to question the fact that the notes of the bank of England are more easily used by travellers in foreign lands, than our much praised national bank notes. Mr. Blaine knows that the Bank of England is not a national or governmental bank, but purely a private corporation, and that the banking system of England is a free banking system.

Mr. Blaine says: "I have heard the argument adduced, that we would keep the money at home," and at once dismisses that claim with a sneer. Let us examine what keeping money at home means. To properly make that examination, let us first make aware of the fact that the present system of banking in the United States means that we have a fixed and unelastic currency. At times the circulating medium is in certain money centres far beyond the requirements of those centres, and when money becomes plentiful, city banks loan to, or place money to be loaned by them, in country banks. And on such occasions, country manufacturers and farmers are encouraged to use their credit—honesty, sobriety, industry, economy, and good business methods being its foundation—to enlarge their factories and improve their farms. A stringency in the money centres calls in all the country bank's out-standing loans. The notes which the country manufacturers and farmers have been encouraged to believe would be renewed again and again, must be paid, which means that the products of their factories must be sold at ruinous prices, and the farmers must frequently sell their stock and crops at a sacrifice, and possibly part with farms. It was not because of bad business methods of either the manufacturer or the farmer that those disasters came upon them; it was not because of any special financial stringency in the community in which those factories and farms were situated; but it was because in a great money centre, perhaps a thousand miles away, a set of "money changers" had possibly formed a syndicate and looked up a certain amount of the currency of the country for purely selfish purposes. Such things have frequently been done. When that locking up process commences, the creditors of the country merchants, manufacturers, and farmers, at once commence to urge speedy payment of bills due. Money, which under less pressure would have been deposited and allowed to remain in the country bank, is under such conditions sent directly to the city banks. The loans of money made by country banks cannot at all times, and when due, always be collected, and the country banks, under such conditions, must send to the city creditor the "free money" which they have accumulated, and in an incredibly short time they are completely depleted of currency, and cannot, on any security, loan money to the people of the communities in which those banks exist. Syndicates of sharpers are not always necessary to create a tight money market, for they frequently occur because of a loss of man's faith in his fellow man. But a stringency in the money market under our present system, invariably affects first those least able to stand it.

I think I have fairly represented the condition into which country banks have frequently been reduced, under our present banking system, which Mr. Blaine and his party claim to be the best ever devised; a system which rests upon the poverty of the people, and ends when the people are rich enough to pay their debts. The holding of bonds of the United States, by the Treasurer, to the amount of the payment of the national bank bills, but when the government no longer owes money, and has no bonds out, the circulating medium must be called in, and future legislation becomes a necessity to prevent a contraction of the currency. It is but a "greenback" currency which we now have, depending for its stability on continuous favorable legislation by Congress, yet Mr. Blaine says, "with all its calamities, the War brought us one great blessing, National Currency," and to emphasize his own delight, he further said, "There are many who will say that it was worth the cost of the War, to bring about so auspicious a result to Capital and Labor." That Republican prophet from Maine says, by inference, that the sacrifice of half a million lives, the outlay of more than \$4,000,000,000 of the people's

hard earnings, and a further annual expenditure of \$250,000,000, is only a fair price to pay for that "glorious institution"—the National Bank.

Now, when you read this, take out your pocket-book, look at the circulating notes, and see how very few of the notes of these banks of "great blessing" you have in your possession.

When Mr. Blaine penned that brilliant declaration, had he opened his pocket-book and looked at the character of the note within, I fancy that he would have found nearly, if not quite all of them, under the denomination of ten dollars, to be treasury notes of either gold, silver or greenback issue. The truth of the matter is, that the National Bank note blessing is equal in beneficence to protection, and with it, is dishonest, a sham, and a snare for the unwily.

I am willing to admit that there are greater conveniences to those who travel over the United States, in the use of a national currency, than in the use of a State bank issue, but there is a lot of humbuggery in this "convenience" business. How many of the farmers and farm-workers of the Delaware and Maryland Peninsula expect to use the circulating medium for paying travelling expenses? And if a few of them should feel themselves rich enough to travel as far as Chicago, during the continuance of the great fair next summer, what little trouble it would be to provide themselves with sufficient Chicago bank money for use while there, and with greenback and silver currency bills for intermediate points. This "convenience in travelling" argument of Mr. Blaine's and the Republican's, is at par with their "pauper labor" humbuggery. They know better but resort to duplicity from a failure to find an honest argument to uphold their cause. They know quite well that the repealing of the war tax on banking, and restoring that much more freedom to the States and the people of the States, will not of necessity destroy the National Banks, and they also know that it only break their power for harm and in no wise interfere with their usefulness. They know that the government greenback, and the gold and silver notes will still remain as a circulating medium for the people. They also know, (I fully believe) that free banks will enable those who produce to retain for their own comforts more of the products of labor and will prevent the millionaires and monopolists from reaping such great rewards as have fallen to them under the national bank system.

But the advantage of State or free banks to country districts can be made to be of enduring benefit to any community in which such a bank is located, if the officers of that bank are men known to be honest and of good business methods and habits, and these banks will give to the public an absolutely elastic currency. The very faults of which Mr. Blaine complains, constitute their merit, and that which alone makes them a commercial blessing. No set of money sharks can lock up State bank notes. No stringency of the money market in New York or Philadelphia will draw from Middletown its circulating medium. Why is this? It is because the State bank notes of a Middletown bank would be used only to settle balances in trade, in the vicinity of the bank—the settlement of balances is the only use that money has—and were a lot of State bank notes of Middletown sent by a merchant of that city to a man in Chester County, Pa., to settle a balance, the Chester County man would deposit those notes in his home bank, and that bank, if there was only a shadow of distrust, would send those notes to Middletown for collection, at once, and within forty-eight hours after a Middletown bank note left the community of Middletown to pay a debt in Chester County, it would be back again in the bank of Middletown, or circulating among those who had confidence in the bank management; and this is as it should be. It was for the benefit of the people of Middletown that the bank was organized.

Again take out your roll of bills, and see how many Delaware bank bills you have in your possession, and learn a lesson from your pocket-book. The banks of Middletown often part with their bills for months when they come back to them again on either fifty for use and are sent back that new ones may be issued in their stead, and those new bills are frequently sent hundreds of miles away, and never put into circulation in the town or vicinity of Middletown.

Again, State banks give the public an elastic currency which lessens the chances of the bank officers being forced to destroy growing business, which was frequently the case under the national banking system. Consequently, under State banks, industrious, honest, and enterprising men would develop business, build factories, and enrich farms because they could get money from the State bank with a reasonable degree of assurance; that, should their business requirements grow beyond their capital, the bank could and would further sustain them and no financial panics could interfere with the bank's power to do so.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Transcript

ABRAM VANDEGRIFT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents an inch for the first insertion and twenty-five cents an inch for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to yearly advertisers.

Local Notices five cents a line for the first insertion. Death and Marriage Notices inserted free.

Subscription Price, one dollar per annum in advance. Single copy, three cents.

Objectionable advertisements and questionable advertisements of any nature whatsoever are not taken at any price.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 A YEAR.

Thursday Afternoon, Sept. 29, 1922

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

FOR PRESIDENT:
GROVER CLEVELAND.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:
ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS:
CHARLES B. LORE,
EZEKIEL W. COOPER,
WILLIAM H. COLBURN.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS:
JOHN W. CAUSEY.

FOR SHERIFF:
JAMES J. TONER.

FOR CORONER:
JAMES H. KIRK.

FOR RECEIVER OF TAXES AND COUNTY TREASURER:
JOHN T. DICKEY.

FOR COUNTY COMPTROLLER:
JOHN F. STAATS.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE,
COLUMBUS WATKINS.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER:
WILLIAM A. SCOTT.

FOR ASSESSOR:
ALEXANDER METTEN.

FOR ROAD COMMISSIONER:
JOHN P. COCHRAN, JR.

We denounce the Republican protection as a fraud; a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few; we declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for the purposes of revenue only, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the Government, when honestly and economically administered.—Democratic Platform.

Ex-President Cleveland's letter of acceptance, which THE TRANSCRIPT prints in full in this issue, bears a striking contrast to Mr. Harrison's rambling dissertation which he gave to the public several weeks since under the title of a "letter of acceptance." It is brevity at its apex, yet it fully and ably covers the entire ground of the Democratic Platform, and, like it, a great deal of unnecessary verbiage is avoided by urging a consideration of his past record, which he is responsible for and upon which he is willing to let the issues of the campaign rest. All that he says, is said in his frank, honest, straightforward way, and he appeals to the manhood of the country in such a manner that it will bear good fruit in November.

SOME weeks since, a lady who is a constant reader of THE TRANSCRIPT wrote us and complained that the short pieces of poetry found on the first page of this paper were entirely uninteresting. As we are anxious to please all of our readers we write to her requesting her to define the word "sentiment" for us, and in reply gave us the best definition of the word that we have yet seen, and we give it for the benefit of our subscribers. "Sentiment is a very keen appreciation of the beautiful in nature, the pathos of sorrow, the sweetness of friendship and the tenderness of love." Now, as we have before said, we are anxious to please all, but are afraid that this lady must be disappointed, for we have not yet read the poem which did not derive its beauty from one of the qualities which she ascribes to sentiment.

Rhymes can be composed without containing any of the attributes of sentiment, but they are always silly and meaningless and would look very much out of place in the place where we are wont to put our little "sentimental" selections. However we cannot help thinking our correspondent either devoid of sentiment or wanting in sincerity, for in the letter giving us the definition of sentiment, she criticizes the selection of Whitman's "Song of Myself," published in our last issue, as devoid of sentiment. In our opinion it is one of the most beautiful poems in English literature descriptive of the beauties of nature during that portion of the year when her glories are concealed beneath the mantle of purity, and showing a remarkably keen perception of them by the dead and gone poet.

The freedom with which an American citizen or newspaper can criticize and condemn the official actions of those who are clothed with the authority of law is one of the greatest safeguards of the Republic, but that criticism is frequently unjust and open to condemnation. Doctor Jenkins, the quarantine officer of New York, is now the subject of public censure for acts which are denominated as "cruel," "barbarous," "inhuman," "monstrous," etc., but which, when they are

thoroughly analyzed, develop nothing more or less than a performance of duty—a duty which compels him to be strict, impartial and unyielding. It is certainly a hardship to be imprisoned on board ship with the dreaded cholera raging between decks, to be detained on a vessel with no food or sleeping accommodations or to be confined in barracks on shore to await the certain knowledge that no infection exists, but Dr. Jenkins is not responsible for these detentions. It is very easy for one who has no knowledge of bacteriology of pathology to condemn the actions of one who has made them a study and a life-work, but that condemnation is quite apt to be erroneous and unjust to the object of their censure. Dr. Jenkins, in his official capacity can do nothing more or less than use every means in his power to prevent the landing of infected passengers or those likely to carry infection into the port of New York. That is what he was made quarantine officer for, and the people of New York and the country at large expect and demand of him that he do so, and so far he has been eminently successful. He has stood like a watch-dog at the gateway of this country and compelled the dreaded visitor to stand aloof, and, trying as has been his duty, he has performed it faithfully and is entitled to the praises and thanks of a people who are now breathing freely under feeling of safety and security that he, more than any other individual has inspired.

For those who suffered hardships while detained in quarantine we have the greatest sympathy, but for the critics and denunciations of a capable, efficient and trust-worthy official, who knows his duty and does it, and at the same time is his superior, not only as a scholar, but as a gentleman, we have a profound pity not unmixed with a species of disgust.

"I AM A DEMOCRAT."

THESE are the words with which U. S. Senator David B. Hill opened the campaign for the Democratic party in New York State, and in which he secured the safety of that State for Cleveland and Stevenson in 1902.

The Republican subsidized press and the campaign orators (from McKinley down to our own little Bach) have been very much elated at the prospect of the defection of Senator Hill and his followers, and have spared no efforts to widen the breach that they supposed existed between him and ex-President Cleveland. When they had announced in the most positive manner that New York was safely Republican, and that Hill would assist them in carrying that State for Harrison, Senator Hill himself thought it was time to define his position and he did it in a way that carried dismay to their hearts and electrified the whole nation. That Senator Hill would desert the Democratic party no one for a moment supposed, but that he would remain silent and inactive and thereby induce his admirers and supporters to do the same, was the hope and aim of the Republicans when they mis-represented him, but their course was the very one that prompted him to enter the campaign to stay in it and insure the election of Cleveland and the complete rout of the Republicans, for a true, loyal Democrat despises nothing more than the interference of the opposition and its hirelings in "family affairs."

The arrogance, insolence and assurance with which the Republicans claimed everything connected with New York and endeavored to sow seeds of discord in the Democratic ranks, showed Senator Hill the necessity of decisive action and with his characteristic promptness and ability delivered the most memorable speech in modern politics—a speech that at once attracted the attention of every American citizen, and which will prove to any reasonable man that reads it that it is an honor and a privilege to say "I am a Democrat."

Cleveland's Letter of Acceptance.

The following is the letter of Grover Cleveland accepting the nomination as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States:

To Hon. Wm. L. Wilson and others, Committee, Etc., Gentlemen: In responding to your formal notification of my nomination to the presidency by the national Democracy, I hope I may be permitted to say at the outset that continued reflection and observation have confirmed me in my adherence to the opinions which I have heretofore plainly and publicly declared, touching the questions involved in the canvass. This is the time above all others when these questions should be considered in the light afforded by a sober apprehension of the principles upon which our government is based and a clear understanding of the relation it bears to the people for whose benefit it was created. We shall thus be supplied with a test by which the value of any proposition relating to the maintenance and administration of our government can be ascertained, and by which the justice and honesty of every political question can be judged. If doctrines or theories are presented which do not satisfy this test loyal Americanism must pronounce them false and mischievous.

The protection of the people in the exclusive use and enjoyment of their property and earnings concededly constitutes the special purpose and mission of our free government. This design is so interwoven with the structure of our plan of rule that failure to protect the citizen in such use and enjoyment, or their unjustifiable diminution by the government itself, is a betrayal of the people's trust. We have, however, undertaken to build a great nation upon a plan especially our own. To maintain it and to furnish through its agency the means for the accomplishment of national objects, the American people are willing through federal taxation to surrender a part of their earnings and income. Tariff legislation presents a familiar form of federal taxation. Such legis-

lation results as surely in a tax upon the daily life of our people as the tribute paid directly into the hand of the gatherer. We feel the burden of these tariff taxes too palpably to be persuaded by any sophistry that they do not exist, or are paid by foreigners. Such taxes, representing a diminution of the property rights of the people, are only justifiable when laid and collected for the purpose of maintaining our government, and furnishing the means for the accomplishment of its legitimate purposes and functions. This is taxation under the operation of a tariff for revenue. It accords with the best and most efficient performance of public work. This plainly can be best accomplished by regarding ascertained fitness in the selection of government employes. These considerations alone are sufficient justification for our honest adherence to the letter and spirit of civil service reform. There are, however, other features of this plan which abundantly commend it. Through its operation worthy merit in every station and condition of American life is recognized in the tributes of public employment, while its application tends to raise the standard of political activity from spolia hunting and unthinking party affiliation to the advocacy of party principles by reason and argument.

The American people are generous and grateful, and they have impressed these characteristics upon their government. Therefore all patriotic and just citizens must commend liberal consideration for our worthy veteran soldiers and for the families of those who have died. No citizen can be unmoved by the thought of public money paid to those actually disabled or made dependent by reason of army service. But our pension roll should be a roll of honor, unblemished by idleness and unvisited by demagogic use. This is due to those whose worthy names adorn the roll, and to all our people who delight to honor the principles of the true. It is also due to those who in years to come should be allowed to hear, reverently and lovingly, the story of American patriotism and fortitude in the face of adversity. The preferences accorded to veteran soldiers in public employment should be secured to them honestly and without evasion, and when applied to the claimants of the helpful regard and gratitude of their countrymen should be ungrudgingly acknowledged.

The assurances to the people of the utmost individual liberty consistent with peace and good order is a cardinal principle of our government. This gives no sanction to vexatious summary laws which unnecessarily interfere with the freedom of action of our people as are not offensive to a just moral sense and are not inconsistent with good citizenship and the public welfare. It requires that the line between the subjects which are properly within governmental control and those which are more fittingly left to parental regulation should be wisely and judiciously drawn. An enforced education, wisely deemed a proper preparation for citizenship, should not involve the impairment of wholesome parental authority nor the curbing of the household conscience. Paternalism in government finds no approval in the creed of democracy. It is a symptom of misrule, whether it is imposed by an unauthorized gift or an unwarranted control of personal and family affairs.

Our people, still cherishing the feeling of human fellowship which belonged to the great republics of the past, their government to express their sympathy with all those who are oppressed under any less free than ours. A generous hospitality which is one of the most prominent of our national characteristics, prompts us to welcome the worthy and industrious of all lands to our shores, and to encourage them to the fullest extent of our power. This hospitable sentiment is not violated, however, by careful and reasonable regulations for the protection of the public health, nor does it justify the restriction of immigration to those who have no appreciation of our institutions and whose presence among us is a menace to peace and good order.

The importance of the construction of the Nicaragua ship canal as a means of promoting commerce between our States and with foreign countries and also as a contribution by our citizens to the enterprises which advance the interests of the world, should commend the project to government approval and endorsement. Our countrymen, not only expect from those who represent them in public places a sedulous care for the things which are directly and palpably related to their material interests, but they also fully appreciate the value of cultivating our national pride and maintaining our national honor. Both their material interests and their national pride are promoted by the success of the Columbian Exposition, and they will not be inclined to condone any neglect of effort on the part of their government to insure the grandeur of the event, and the exhibit of American growth and greatness, and a splendid demonstration of American patriotism.

In an impulsive and incomplete manner I have endeavored to state some of the things which accord with the creed and intentions of the party to which I have given my lifelong allegiance. My attempt has been to instruct my countrymen nor my party, but to remind both that democratic doctrine lies near the principles of our government and tends to the betterment of the things which are to be secured to the voters of the land for their decision.

Called for the third time to represent my party, I am proud to stand in the ranks of the democracy, and to represent the principles, my grateful appreciation of its confidence less than ever effaces the solemn sense of my responsibility. I am proud to stand in the ranks of the democracy, and to represent the principles, my grateful appreciation of its confidence less than ever effaces the solemn sense of my responsibility. I am proud to stand in the ranks of the democracy, and to represent the principles, my grateful appreciation of its confidence less than ever effaces the solemn sense of my responsibility.

Yours, very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is not accidental but is the result of careful study and experiment by educated pharmacists.

Col. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the world renowned proprietor, manager and leader of the band bearing his name, died in St. Louis, Mo., on Sunday evening of heart disease induced by indigestion. He was eminent as a composer as well as a band leader, among his compositions being "Columbia," the national anthem. He was born in Ireland in 1832.

Iron Glad Stove Polish. Best in the world.
C. E. FOULKE.

Go to S. M. Reynolds & Co., for porcelain lined Kettles, Mason's fruit jars, jelly glasses, sticky fly paper, hammocks, etc. The celebrated Hawthorn water, pure and fresh, direct from the Saratoga Springs, for sale by S. M. Reynolds & Co.

—32 Men's overcoats will be sold at very low prices. We will not carry them over. W. H. MOORE & Co.

—30 Boys' overcoats will be sold at very low figures. We will not carry them over. W. H. MOORE & Co.

Miscellaneous Ad's.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

A crown of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Largest U. S. Government Food Report

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, September, 26.

The prettiest and most stylish Dresses shown in Paris this season—up to the second week in September—were the Footman, the Postilion, the Bolero, the Torador, the Grafton and the Marlowe.

American women who saw all that Paris Dress artists had developed almost invariably chose from these. Of course at prices that to many would seem fabulously high.

In our Ready-made Dress Parlor you can see exact copies of each of these graceful and elegant Costumes, and at prices that represent scarcely more than the mere cost of making the originals.

Beautiful Dresses at \$12, \$14 and upwards. Almost every one with distinct individuality, and all of the newest and latest.

Many of the high novelties in Dress Goods are Wool and Silk, but not all. A mass of curious, every one absolutely new, will be found at the counter that carries the All-wool Novelties.

Velour Russe has captured Wool; there is a line of eight colorings in trout speckles. Another variety is a rough stuff of hirsute style that properly made for the proper figure will give *distingue* results. There are run-arounds in Wools and Worsted of sorts and sorts.

Prices vary from 75c to \$3.50, and the Wool Novelties alone are enough to bewilder one.

Paris has said the word. Capes are the proper cape for these coolish Autumn days. We had the hint as soon as the idea developed on the banks of the Seine. We've had every new thought as soon as it took tangible form there. Result, every Cape elegance and excellence that has made talk in the world of fashion is here, straight from Paris, ready for you—and that, too, before the Paris people themselves know how the Cape wind is setting.

Footman Capes
Coachman Capes
Cavalier Capes
Muscovite Capes
Hussar Capes
Houglath Capes
Isabella Capes

And other pretty and novel shapes. The Footman Capes (triple) start at \$6.

Sheets and Pillow Cases.
Actually better than home work.

You'll say it if you look closely. In the ones for least money you'll see fine, careful stitching and every raw seam felled. In the higher qualities the work is as pleasingly painstaking.

Operatives become wonderfully skillful where such great quantities of goods are turned out. They do the work better as well as quicker. Improved quality and money saved is what it means for you.

That's the labor side. Do you doubt that materials bought by car loads at a clip cut away under even our retail prices?

These things working together make such prices possible.

Sheets, Bleached—
1 1/2 yds, 45c.
2 yds, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c.
2 1/2 yds, 57c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c.
3 yds, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c.
Sheets, unbleached—
2 1/2 yds, 50c.
3 yds, 55c.
Pillow Cases, Bleached—
40x20 in., 3c.

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Sheets, unbleached—
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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

WE sold over 400 Horse Blankets last year.
and we open this year with a stock of

500!
And at prices that will interest you. All colors, designs, makes and styles.

The interior of our show room has been altered, and you have a light that will enable you to see what you are buying. We certainly would appreciate a visit, as it would encourage us to try harder.

This is our list. Consult it and order by mail if you cannot call in person.

SHAPED STABLE BLANKETS.

Saladino	\$1.50
Sam Kent	1.25
Happy Russel	1.25
Willie	1.25
Sadie M.	2.00
Willie Page	2.25
Fred Englin	2.25
Gitt Edgemo	2.25
Miss Eleanor	2.25
Montith	2.25

SQUARE BLANKETS.

Easter	\$1.50
Baycliffe	1.50
Modoc	1.75
Fallenbridge	2.00
Gypsy Girl	2.00
Flower of the South	2.25
Reckless Boy	2.25
Flower of the South	2.25
Mable D.	2.25
Dynamite	4.50
Fluorination	4.50
Glover C.	4.50
Maple Valley, 80x84	7.00

PLUSH ROBES. Beautiful shades and handsome patterns, all colors and any size, hunting scenes, trailing vines, shooting stars, skins of moose, doe, mink and other are all reproduced in Plush, and prices low at

And FUR ROBES. Well, it's a little early for them, but we have "em." Goat, Wolf, Siberian Dog and Buffalo.

W. R. REYNOLDS.

HATS!

OUR NEW DEPARTMENT.

IN CONNECTION WITH BOOTS AND SHOES,

We Have now the Largest Assortment of

MEN'S AND BOYS' HATS!

Ever Seen in Middletown.

The Derby is the popular Hat, and we have all the shapes. In soft hats and crushes we have all the nobby styles. If you have been a purchaser of our Boots and Shoes you know of the good material we give for a little money. So come and try one of our Hats.

BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS.

A CASH STORE.

EDWIN PRETTYMAN, MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.

are showing by far the most attractive and comprehensive stocks of

Seasonable Dress Goods

ever exhibited in America.

Samples Mailed

to any address.

It is to

the interest

of every

buyer

to see

them.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.

Market, Eighth and Filbert Streets, Philadelphia.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Second-Hand Shingle Roofing.

Apply to W. A. COMBES, or Z. T. BRADLEY.

WOOD! WOOD!

THE BEST OAK LAP WOOD AT 60c. PER 2-HORSE LOAD.

For a short time only. Woods near Wilson's Corner.

GEORGE V. FEVERLEY.

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